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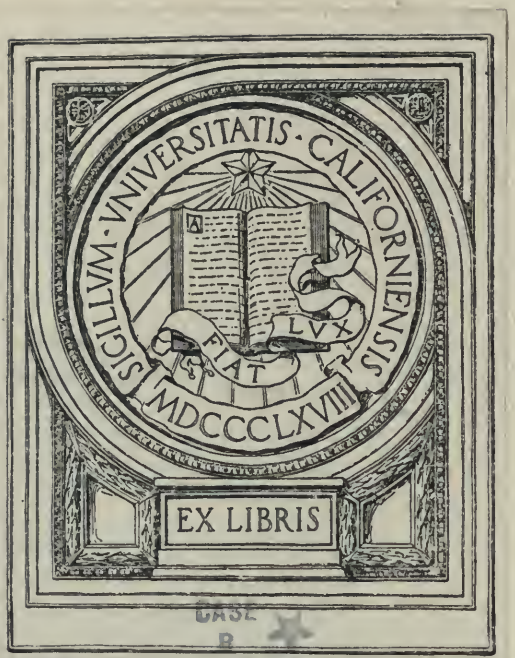

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll

Date of the first known Edition 1600

(B.M. C. 34, b. 17)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll

1600

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll

1600

The original of this facsimile is the British Museum copy (Press-mark, C. 34, b. 17): there is another example in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington.

The B.M. Catalogue says: "Imperfect, wanting Sig. A 2." This seems an error, as the title is on A 2, with A 1 blank.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscripts Department of the British Museum, after comparing this reproduction with the original, says it is "a most faithful facsimile."

JOHN S. FARMER.

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THE VVisdome of Doctor Dodypoll.

As it hath bene sundrie times Acted by the Children of Powles.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard Oliue, dwelling in Long Lane.
1600.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

The wiſdome of Doctor Dodypoll.

ACTVS PRIMA.

A Curtaine drawne, Earle Laſsingbergh *is diſcouered (like a Painter) painting* Lucilia, *who ſits working on a piece of Cuſhion worke.*

Laſsinberge.

WElcome bright Morne, that with thy golden (rayes,
Reueal'ſt the variant colours of the world,
Looke here and ſee if thou canſt finde diſper'ſt
The glorious parts of faire *Lucilia:*
Take them & ioyne them in the heauenly Spheares,
And fixe them there as an eternall light,
For Louers to adore and wonder at:
And this (long ſince) the high Gods would haue
But that they could not bring it back againe, (done,
When they had loſt ſo great diuinitie. *Lord*
Lu. You paint your flattering words *Laſsinbergh*,
Making a curious penſill of your tongue,
And that faire artificiall hand of yours,
Were fitter to haue painted heauens faire ſtorie,
Then here to worke on Antickes and on me:

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Thus for my ſake, you (of a noble Earle)
Are glad to be a mercinary Painter.
Laſſ. A Painter faire *Lucia?* why the world
With all her beautie was by painting made.
Looke on the heauens colour'd with golden ſtarres,
The firmamentall ground of it, all blew.
Looke on the ayre, where with a hundred changes
The watry Rain-bow doth imbrace the earth.
Looke on the ſommer fields adorn'd with flowers,
How much is natures painting honour'd there:
Looke in the Mynes, and on the Eaſterne ſhore,
Where all our Mettalls and deare Iems are drawne:
Thogh faire themſelues, made better by their foiles.
Looke on that litle world, the twofold man,
Whoſe fairer parcell is the weaker ſtill:
And ſee what azure vaines in ſtream-like forme
Diuide the Roſie beautie of the skin.
I ſpeake not of the ſundry ſhapes of beaſts,
The ſeuerall colours of the Elements:
Whoſe mixture ſhapes the worlds varietie,
In making all things by their colours knowne.
And to conclude, Nature her ſelfe diuine,
In all things ſhe hath made, is a meere Painter.
She kiſſes her hand.
Lu. Now by this kiſſe, th'admirer of thy skill,
Thou art well worthie th'onor thou haſt giuen
(With ſo ſweet words) to thy eye-rauiſhing Art,
Of which my beauties can deſerue no part.
Laſſ. Form theſe baſe Anticks where my hād hath
Thy ſeuerall parts: if I vniting all, (ſpearſt
Had figur'd there, the true *Lucilia*,
Then might'ſt thou iuſtly wonder at mine Art,

And

And deuout people would from farre repaire,
Like Pilgrims, with their dutuous ſacrifice,
Adorning thee as Regent of their loues;
Here, in the Center of this Mary-gold,
Like a bright Diamond I enchaſt thine eye.
Here, vnderneath this little Roſie buſh
Thy crimſon cheekes peers forth more faire then it.
Here, *Cupid* (hanging downe his wings) doth ſit,
Comparing Cherries to thy Ruby lippes:
Here is thy browe, thy haire, thy neck, thy hand,
Of purpoſe all in ſeuerall ſhrowds diſper'ſt:
Leaſt rauiſht, I ſhould dote on mine owne worke,
Or Enuy-burning eyes ſhould malice it.

Luc. No more my Lord: ſee here comes *Haunce* (our man.

Enter Haunce.

Haunce. We haue the fineſt Painter here at boord wages, that euer made Flowerdelice, and the beſt bed-fellow too: for I may lie all night tryumphing from corner to corner, while he goes to ſee the Fayries: but I for my part, ſee nothing; but here a ſtrange noyſe ſometimes. Well, I am glad we are haunted ſo with Fairies: For I cannot ſet a cleane pump down, but I find a dollar in it in the morning. See, my Miſtreſſe *Lucilia*, ſhee's neuer from him: I pray God he paints no pictures with her: But I hope my fellowe hireling will not be ſo ſawcie. But we haue ſuch a wench a comming for you (Lordings) with her woers: A, the fineſt wench: wink, wink, deare people, and you be wiſe: and ſhut; O ſhut your weeping eyes.

Enter

Enter Cornelia *ſola, looking vpon the picture of* Alberdure *in a little Ieweli, and ſinging. Enter the Doctor and the Merchant following, and hearkning to her.*

The Song.

What thing is loue? for ſure I am it is a thing,
It is a prick, it is a thing, it is a prettie, prettie thing.
It is a fire, it is a coale, whoſe flame creeps in at euery (hoale.
And as my wits do beſt deuiſe,
Loues dwelling is in Ladies eies.

Haunce. O rare wench!

Cor. Faire Prince, thy picture is not here impreſt,
With ſuch perfection as within my breſt.

Mar. Soft maiſter Doctor.

Doct. Cornelia, by garr dis paltry marſhan be too bolde, is too ſawcie by garr: Foole, holde off hand foole, Let de Doctor ſpeake.

Han. Now my braue wooers, how they ſtriue for (a Iewes Trump.

Doct. Madam me loue you: me deſire to marry Me pray you not to ſay no. (you,

Cor. Maiſter Doctor, I think you do not loue me: I am ſure you ſhall not marry me,
And (in good ſadnes) I muſt needs ſay no.

Mar. What ſay you to this maiſter Doctor? Miſtreſſe let me ſpeake.
That I do loue you, I dare not ſay, leaſt I ſhould offend you: That I would marry you, I had rather you ſhould conceiue, then I ſhould vtter: And I do liue

or

or die vpon your *Monaſible*, I, or no.

Doct. By gar if you will ſee *de Marſhan* hang himſelfe ſay no: A good ſheſſe by garr.

Han. A filthy French ieſt, as I am a dutch gentleman.

Mar. Miſtreſſe, Ile bring you from *Arabia*, *Turckie*, and *India*, where the Sunne doth riſe,
Miraculous Iemmes, rare ſtuffes of pretious worke,
To beautifie you more then all the paintings
Of women with their coullour fading cheekes.

Doct. You bring ſtuffe for her? you bring pudding.
Me vit one, two, tree pence more den de price,
Buy it from dee and her too by garr:
By garr dow ſella' dy fader for two pence more:
Madam me gieue you reſtoratife,
Me giue you rings (but touſh you) make you faire:
Me gieue you tings, make you ſtrong:
Me make you liue ſix, ſeauen, tree hundra yeere:
You no point ſo Marſhan.
Marſhan run frō you, two, tree, foure yere together,
who ſhal kiſſe you dan? who ſhal embrace you dan?
Who ſhall touſh your fine hand? ô ſhall, ô ſweete,
By garr.

Mar. Indeed M. Doctor your cōmodities are rare,
A guard of Vrinals in the morning;
A plaguie fellow at midnight;
A fuſtie Potticarie, euer at hand with his fuſtian drugges, attending your piſpot worſhip.

Doct. By garr skuruy marſhan, me beat dee ſtarck dead, and make dee liue againe for ſau'a de law.

Han. A plaguie marſhan by gar, make the doctor angre.

Doct. Now madam, by my trot you be very faire.

Mar. You mock me M. Doct. I know the contrary.

Doct. Know? what you know? you no ſee your ſelfe, by garr me ſee you; me ſpeake vatt me ſee; You no point ſpeake ſo.

Han. Peace Doctor I viſe you,
Do not court in my maiſters hearing, you were beſt.

Enter Flores.

Flo. Where are theſe wooers heere? poore fillie (men,
Highly deceiu'd to gape for marriage heere:
Onely for gaine, I haue another reache,
More high then their baſe ſpirits can aſpire:
Yet muſt I vſe this Doctors ſecret aide,
That hath alreadie promiſt me a drug,
Whoſe vertue ſhall effect my whole deſires.

Doct. O *Mounſieur Flores*, mee be your worſhips ſeruant: Mee lay my hand vnder your Lordſhips foote by my trot.

Flor. O maiſter Doctor, you are welcome to vs,
And you *Albertus*, it doth pleaſe me much,
To ſee you vowed riualls thus agree.

Doct. Agree? by my trot ſheele not haue him.

Ma. You finde not that in your vrins M. Doctor.

Doct. Mounſieur Flores come hedder pray.

Flor. What ſayes maiſter Doctor,
Haue you remembred me?

Doct. I by garr: heere be de powdra, you giue de halfe at once.

Flor. But are you ſure it will worke the effect?

Doct. Me be ſure? by garr ſhe no ſooner drinke but ſhee hang your neck about; ſhe ſtroake your beard; ſhe nippe your ſheeke, ſhe buſſe your lippe by garr.

Flor. What wilt thou eate me Doctor?

Doct.

Doct. By garr, mee muſt ſhew you de vertue by plaine demonſtration.

Flor. Well, tell me, is it beſt in wine or no?

Doct. By garr de Marſhan, de Marſhan, I tinck he kiſſe my ſweete miſtreſſe.

Flor. Nay pray thee Doctor ſpeake; is't beſt in wine or no?

Doct. O good Lort in vyne, vat elſe I pray you? You giue de vench to looue vatra? Be garre me be aſhame of you.

Flo. Well; thankes gentle Doctor: And now (my friends) I looke to day for ſtrangers of great ſtate, And muſt craue libertie to prouide for them: Painter goe, leaue your worke, and you *Lucilia*, Keepe you (I charge you) in your chamber cloſe.

Exeunt. Caſſ. and Lucilia.

Haunce, ſee that all things be in order ſet; Both for our Muſicke and our large Carowſe: That (after our beſt countrie faſhion) I may giue entertainment to the Prince.

Han. One of your Haultboyes (ſir) is out of tune.

Flo. Out of tune villaine? which way?

Han. Drunke (ſir) ant pleaſe you.

Flo. Iſt night with him alreadie? Well get other Muſicke.

Han. So we had need in truth ſir. *Exit Hans.*

Doct. Me no trouble you by my fait, me take my leaue, ſee de vnmannerlie Marſhan, ſtaie by garre.

Mar. Sir, with your leaue, *Exit.* Ile chooſe ſome other time, When I may leſſe offend you with my ſtaie. *Exit.*

Flo. Albertus, welcome: and now *Cornelia*,
Are we alone? looke first; I, all is safe.
Daughter, I charge thee now, euen by that loue
In which we haue been partiall towards thee,
(Aboue thy sister, blest with bewties guifts,)
Receiue this vertuous powder at my hands,
And (hauing mixt it in a bowle of Wine)
Giue it vnto the Prince in his carowse.
I meane no villanie heerein to him;
But loue to thee, wrought by that charmed cup.
We are (by birth) more noble then our fortunes,
Why should we then, shun any meanes we can,
To raise vs to our auncient states againe?
Thou art my eldest care, thou best deseru'st
To haue thy imperfections helpt by loue.

Corn. Then father, shall we seeke sinister meanes,
Forbidden by the lawes of God and men?
Can that loue prosper which is not begun
By the direction of some heauenly fate?

Flo. I know not; I was nere made Bishop yet:
I must prouide for mine, and still preferre
(Aboue all these) the honour of my house:
Come therfore, no words but performe my charge.

Corn. If you wil haue it so, I must consent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Alberdure, Hyanthe, Leander and Motto.

Alber. My deere *Hyanthe*; my content; my life;
Let no new fancie change thee from my loue:
And for my riuall, (whom I must not wrong)
(Because he is my father and my Prince)
Giue thou him honour; but giue me thy loue.
O that my riuall bound me not in dutie
To fauour him: then could I tell *Hyanthe*,

That

That he alreadi (with importun'd ſuite)
Hath to the *Branſwick* Dutcheſſe vow'd himſelfe,
That his deſires are careleſſe, and his thoughts
Too fickle and imperious for loue;
But I am ſilent, dutie ties my tongue.

Hya. Why? thinks my ioy, my princely *Alderbure*
Hyanthes faith ſtands on ſo weake a ground?
That it will fall or bend with euerie winde?
No ſtormes or lingring miſeries ſhall ſhake it,
Much leſſe, vaine titles of commaunding loue.

Motto. Madam diſpatch him then; rid him out of this earthlie purgatorie; for I haue ſuch a coile with him a nights; grunting and groaning in his ſleepe; with O *Hyanthe*; my deare *Hyanthe*; and then hee throbs me in his armes, as if he had gotten a great iewell by the eare.

Alber. Away you wag: and tel me now my loue,
What is the cauſe Earle *Caſsimere* (your father)
Hath beene ſo long importunate with me,
To viſit *Flores* the braue Ieweller?

Hyan. My father doth ſo dote on him my Lord,
That he thinkes he doth honour euery man,
Whom he acquaints with his perfections;
Therefore (in any wiſe) prepare your ſelfe,
To grace and ſooth his great conceit of him:
For euerie ieſture, euerie word he ſpeakes,
Seemes to my father admirablie good.

Lean. Indeed my Lord, his high conceipt of him,
Is more then any man aliue deſerues.
He thinkes the Ieweller made all of Iewels:
Who though he be a man of gallant ſpirit,
Faire ſpoken, and well furniſht with good parts,

Yet not ſo peerleſſie to be admir'd.

Enter Caiſsimere.

Caſſ. Come, ſhall we go (my Lord) I dare aſſure
You ſhall beholde ſo excellent a man,
For his behauiour, for his ſweete diſcourſe,
His ſight in Muſick, and in heauenlie Arts,
Beſides the cunning iudgement of his eie,
In the rare ſecrets of all precious Iemmes,
That you will ſorrow you haue ſtaide ſo long.

Alber. Alas, whie would not then your lordſhips
Haſten me ſooner? for I long to ſee him,
On your iudiciall commendation. (fauor,

Caſſ. Come, lets away then; go you in *Hyanthe*,
And if my Lord the Duke come in my abſence,
See him (I pray) with honour entertain'd. *Exeunt.*

Hya. I will my Lord.

Leand. I will accompanie your Ladiſhip, if you vouchſafe it.

Hya. Come good *Leander*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Conſtantine, Katherine, Ite, Vandercleeue, with others.

Conſt. Lord *Vandercleuee*, go Lord Ambaſſadour
From vs, to the renowmed Duke of *Saxon*,
And know his highneſſe reaſon and intent,
Whie being (of late) with ſuch importunate ſuite,
Bethroth'd to our faire ſiſter *Dowager*
Of this our Dukedome; he doth now protract
The time he vrged with ſuch ſpeede of late,
His honourd nuptiall rites to celebrate.

Kath. But good my Lord, temper your Ambaſſie
With ſuch reſpectiue termes to my renowme,
That I be cleer'd of all immodeſt haſte,

To haue our promiſt nuptials conſumate:
For his affects (perhaps) follow the ſeaſon,
Hot with the ſummer then, now colde with winter.
And Dames (though nere ſo forward in deſire)
Muſt ſuffer men to blowe the nuptiall fire.

Vander. Madam, your name (in vrging his intent)
Shall not be vſd: but your right princelie brothers,
Who knowing it may breede in vulgar braines
(That ſhall giue note to this protraction)
Vniuſt ſuſpition of your ſacred vertues,
And other reaſons touching the eſtate
Of both their famous Dukedomes, ſendeth mee
To be reſolu'd of his integritie.

Conſt. To that end go my honourable Lord:
Commend me and my ſiſter to his loue,
(If you perceiue not he neglects our owne)
And bring his princelie reſolution.

Kat. Commend not me by any meanes my lord,
Vnleſſe your ſpeedie graunted audience,
And kinde entreatie make it requiſite,
For honour rules my nuptiall appetite. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Enter Haunce, Laſsingbergh, and others following, ſeruing in a Bancket..

Han. Come ſir, it is not your painting alone,
Makes your abſolute man; ther's as fine a hand
To be requir'd in carrying a diſh,
And as ſweete arte to be ſhew'd in't,
As in any maiſter peece whatſoeuer;
Better then as you painted the Doctor eene now,

With

With his nose in an Vrinall.

Lass. Be quiet sir, or ile paint you by and by, eating my maisters comfets. *Exit.*

Enter Flores, Cassimeere, Alberdure, Cornelia, and Motto.

Flor. Prince *Alberdure*, my great desire to answere
The greatnes of your birth, and high deserts,
With entertainment fitting to your state,
Makes all things seem too humble for your presence.

Alber. Courteous S. *Flores*, your kinde welcome is
Worthy the presence of the greatest Prince;
And I am bound to good Earle *Cassimeere*,
For honouring me with your desierd acquaintance.

Cass. Wilt please you therefore to draw neere my (lord?

Flo. Wilt please your grace to sit?

Alber. No good S. *Flores*, I am heere admiring
The cunning strangenes of your antick worke:
For though the generall tract of it be rough,
Yet is it sprinckled with rare flowers of Art.
See what a liuelie piercing eye is here;
Marke the conueiance of this louelie hand;
Where are the other parts of this faire cheeke?
Is it not pittie that they should be hid?

Flor. More pittie 'tis (my lord) that such rare art
Should be obscur'd by needie pouertie,
Hee's but a simple man kept in my house.

Alber. Come sirra, you are a practitioner,
Lets haue your iudgement here.

Han. VVill you haue a stoole sir? (drawing?

Motto. I, and I thanke you too sir.

Flo. Hath this young Gentleman such skill in

Alber. Many great maisters thinke him (for his yeares)

ycares exceeding cunning.

Caſſ. Now ſir, what thinke you?

Mott. My Lord, I thinke more Art is ſhaddowed
Then any man in *Germanie* can ſhew, (heere,
Except Earle *Laſsingbergh*; and (in my conceipt)
This worke was neuer wrought without his hand.

Flo. Earle *Lnſsingbergh*? aye me, my iealous thoughts
Suſpect a miſchiefe, which I muſt preuent.
Haunce, call *Lucilia* and the Painter ſtrait,
Bid them come both t'attend vs at our feaſt:
Is not your Grace yet wearie of this obiect?
Ile ſhew your Lordſhip things more woorth the ſight,
Both for their ſubſtance, and their curious Art.

Alber. Thankes good ſir *Flores*.

Flor. See then (my Lord) this Aggat that containes
The image of that Goddeſſe and her ſonne:
Whom auncients held the Soueraignes of Loue,
See naturally wrought out of the ſtone,
(Beſides the perfect ſhape of euery limme,
Beſides the wondrous life of her bright haire,)
A wauing mantle of celeſtiall blew,
Imbroydering it ſelfe with flaming Starres.

Alber. Moſt excellent: and ſee beſides (my Lords)
How *Cupids* wings do ſpring out of the ſtone,
As if they needed not the helpe of Art.

Flor. My Lord, you ſee all ſorts of Iewels heere,
I will not tire your grace with view of them;
Ile onely ſhew you one faire Aggat more,
Commended chiefely for the workmanſhip.

Alber. O excellent; this is the very face
Of *Caſsimeere*: by viewing both at once,
Either I thinke that both of them do liue,

Or both of them are Images and dead.

Flo. My Lord, I feare I trouble you too long,
Wilt pleaſe your Lordſhips taſte this homely cates?

Corn. Firſt, (if it pleaſe you) giue me leaue to greete
Your Princely hand with this vnworthy gift:
Yet woorthy, ſince it repreſents your ſelfe.

Alber. What? my ſelfe Lady? truſt me it is pittie
So faire a Iemme ſhould hold ſo rude a picture.

Corn. My Lord 'tis made a Iewell in your picture,
Which otherwiſe had not deſeru'd the name.

Alber. Kinde miſtreſſe, kindly I accept your fauour.

Enter Laſſengbergh, Haunce, and Lucilia.

Flo. Heere you young gentleman; do you know this man?

Mot. Yes ſignior *Flores*, 'tis Earle *Laſsinbergh*. *Exit*

My lord what meane you to come thus diſguiſd? *Hau.*

Luc. Aye me.

Laſſ. The fooliſh boye is mad, I am *Cornelius*;
Earle *Laſsingbergh*; I neuer heard of him.

Flo. O *Laſsingbergh*, we know your villanie,
And thy diſhonour (fond *Lucilia*,)
Aſſe that I was, dull, ſenceleſſe, groſſe braynd foole,
That dayly ſaw ſo many euident ſignes
Of their cloſe dealings, winckings, becks and touches,
And what not? to enforce me to diſcerne,
Had I not beene effatuate euen by Fate:
Your preſence noble Lords (in my diſgrace)
Doth deepely mooue mee: and I heere proteſt
Moſt ſolemnly (in ſight of heauen and you)
That if Earle *Laſsingbergh* this day refuſe,
To make faire mends for this fowle treſpaſſe done,
I will reuenge me on his treacherous heart,
Though I ſuſtaine for him a thouſand deaths.

Caſſ. This

Caſſ. This action (traitour *Laſsingbergh*) deſerues
Great ſatiſfaction, or elſe great reuenge.
Alber. Beleeue me gallant Earle your choice is faire,
And worthy your moſt honourable loue.
Laſsin. My Lord, it greeues me to be thus vnmaskt,
And made ridiculous in the ſtealth of loue:
But (for *Lucilias* honour) I proteſt,
(Not for the deſperate vowe that *Flores* made)
She was my wife before ſhe knew my loue
By ſecret promiſe, made in ſight of heauen.
The marriage which he vrgeth, I accept,
But this compulſion and vnkinde diſgrace,
Hath altered the condition of my loue,
And filde my heart with yrkſome diſcontent.
Flor. My Lord, I muſt preferre mine honour ſtill,
Before the pleaſure of the greateſt Monarch;
Which ſince your Lordſhip ſeekes to gratifie
With iuſt and friendly ſatiſfaction;
I will endeuour to redeeme the thought
Of your affection, and loſt loue to vs:
Wilt pleaſe you therefore now to aſſociate
This woorthy Prince, at this vnwoorthy banquet?
Alber. My Lord let me intreate your company.
Laſsin. Hold mee excuſd faire Prince; my grieued thoughts
Are farre vnmeete for feſtiuall delights:
Heere will I ſit and feede on melancholie,
A humour (now) moſt pleaſing to my taſte.
Flor. *Lucilia*, waite the pleaſure of your loue:
My Lord, now to the banquet,
Daughter commaund vs a carowſe of wine.

Muſick ſounds a while; and they ſing,
Boire a le Fountaine.

Flor. My Lord; I greete you with this firſt carowſe,
And as this wine (the Elements ſweete ſoule)
Shall growe in me to bloud and vitall ſpirit,
So ſhall your loue and honor growe in me.

Alber. I pledge you ſir.

Caſſ. How like you him my Lord?

Alber. Exceeding well. *Sing boyre a le fountaine.*

Flor. Cornelia, do you ſerue the Prince with wine?

Shee puts the powder into the Cup and giues it the Prince.

Alber. I thanke you Lady.
Earle *Caſsimeere*, I greete you; and remember
Your faire *Hyanthe.*

Caſſ. I thanke your honour. *Sing boyre a, &c.*

Flor. Fill my Lord *Caſsimere* his right of wine.

Caſſ. Cornelia, I giue you this dead carowſe.

Corn. I thanke your Lordſhip. *Sing boyre a, &c.*

Alber. What ſmoake? ſmoake and fire.

Caſſ. What meanes your honour?

Alber. Powder, powder, *Etna*, *Sulphure*, fier; quench it, quench it.

Flor. I feare the medcine hath diſtemper'd him,
O villaine Doctor.

Alber. Downe with the battlements, powre water on,
I burne, I burne; O giue me leaue to flie
Out of theſe flames; theſe fiers that compaſſe me. *Exit.*

Caſſ. What an vnheard off accident is this?
Would God friend *Flores*, t'had not happen'd heere.

Flor. My Lord, 'tis ſure ſome Planet ſtriketh him,
No doubt the furie will away againe.

Caſſ. Ile follow him. *Exit.*

Laſſ. What helliſh ſpright ordain'd this hateful feaſt,
That ends with horror thus and diſcontent?

Flor. I hope no daunger will succeede therein:
How euer, I resolue me to conceale it.
My Lord, wilt please you now to change this habit.
And deck your selfe with ornaments more fit
For celebration of your marriage.
Lass. I, I, put on me what attire you will,
My discontent, that dwels within me still. *Exeunt.*

Enter Haunce solus.

Hans. Whom shall a man trust? a Painter? no.
A seruant? no: a bedfellowe? no:
For seeming for to see, it falls out right,
All day a Painter, and an Earle at night.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Ho *Zaccharee*, bid *Vrsula* brushe my two, tree, fine Damaske gowne; spread de rishe couerlet on de faire bed; vashe de fine plate; smoake all de shambra vit de sweete perfume.

Hans. Heer's the Doctor, what a gaping his wisedom keepes i'the streete?
As if he could not haue spoken all this within.
Doct. Ho *Zaccharee*; if de grand patient come,
You finde me signior *Flores.*

Hans. By your leaue maister Doctor.

Doct. *Hans* my very speciall friend; fait and trot,
Me be right glad for see you veale.

Hans. What do you make a Calfe of me M. Doctor?

Doct. O no; pardona moy; I say vell, be glad for see you vell, in good health.

Hans. O but I am sick M. Doctor; very exceeding sick sir.

Doct. Sick? tell a me by garr; me cure you presently.

Hans. A dead palsey M. Doctor, a dead palsey.

Doct. Veare? veare?

Hans. Heere M.Doctor,I cannot feele,I cannot feele.

Doct. By garr you be de braue merry man;
De fine proper man; de very fine,braue,little,
Propta ſweet Iack man: by garr me loou'a you;
Me honour you,me kiſſe'a your foote.

Hans. You ſhall not ſtoope ſo lowe good M.Doctor,
Kiſſe higher if it pleaſe you.

Doct. In my trot me honour you.

Hans. I but you giue me nothing ſir.

Doct. No? by garr me giu'a de high cõmendation,
Paſſe all de gold,precious pearle in de vorld.

Hans. I ſir,paſſe by it,you meane ſo ſir:
Well I ſhall haue your good word,I ſee M.Doctor.

Doct. I fayt.

Hans. But not a rag of money.

Doct. No by wy trot: no point money;me gieue de beggra de money: no point de braue man.

Hans. Would I were not ſo braue in your mouth:
But I can tell you newes maiſter Doctor.

Doct. Vat be dat?

Hans. The young Prince hath drunke himſelfe mad at my maiſters to day.

Doct. By garr; drunke I tinck.

Hans. No ſir,ſtarke mad; he cryes out as if the towne were a fier.

Doct. By garr me ſuſpect a ting.

Hans. Nay,I can tell you more newes yet.

Doct. Vat newes;

Han. If your cap be of capacitie to conceiue it now
So it is:Ile deale with you by way of Interrogation:
Who is it muſt marry with Lucilia *bright?*
All day a Painter, and an Earle at night.

Doct.

Doct. By garr me no conceiue vatt you ſay.

Han. Let wiſdome anſwer: *I aske what is man?*
A Pancake toſt in Fortunes frying pan.

Doct. Vat frying pan? by garr I tinck
De fooliſh petit Iack is madd.

Hans. For as an Aſſe may weare a Lyons skinne,
So noble Earles haue ſometimes Painters binne.

Doct. Garrs blurr he ryme de grand Rats frō my houſe
Me no ſtay, me go ſeek'a my faire *Cornelia.* *Exit.*

Han. Farewell Doctor Doddy, in minde & in body,
An excellent Noddy:
A Cockſcomb in cony, but that he wants mony,
To giue *legem pone.* O what a pittifull caſe is this? what might I haue done with this wit, if my friends had beſtowed learning vpon me? well, when all's don, a naturall guift is woorth all. *Exit.*

Enter Alphonſo, Hardenbergh, Hoſcherman, with others. &c.

Hard. The Ambaſſador of Brunſwick (good my lord)
Begins to murmure at his long delayes.

Hoſc. Twere requiſit your highnes wold diſmiſſe him.

Alph. Who holds him? let him go.

Hard. My Lord you know, his meſſage is more great
Then to depart ſo ſlightly without anſwer,
Vrging the marriage that your grace late ſought
With *Katherine*, ſiſter to the Saxon Duke.

Hosk. Whom if your highnes ſhould ſo much neglect,
As to forſake his ſiſter and delude him,
Conſidering already your olde iarre,
With the ſtoute *Lantſgraue*,
What harmes might enſue?

Alph. How am I croſt? *Hyanthe* its for thee,

That

That I neglect the Ducheſſe and my vowes.
Hard. My Lord, 'twere ſpeciallie conuenient
Your Grace would ſatiſfie th'embaſſador.
Alph. Well, call him in.
Hosk. But will your Highnes then forſake *Hyanthe?*
Alph. Nothing leſſe *Hosk.*
Hosk. How will you then content th'embaſſador?
Alph. I will delaie him with ſome kinde excuſe.
Hard. What kinde excuſe my Lord?
Alph. For that let me alone: do thou but ſoothe,
What I my ſelfe will preſently deuiſe,
And I will ſend him ſatiſfied away.
Hard. Be ſure (my Lord) Ile ſooth what ere you ſay.
Alph. Then let them come, we are prouided for thē.
Enter Vandercleeue the Ambaſſador attended.
Alph. My lord Ambaſſador, we are right ſorrie,
Our vrgent cauſes haue deferd you thus:
In the diſpatch of that we moſt deſire.
But for your anſwer: Know I am deterr'd
By many late prodigious oſtents,
From preſent conſumation of the nuptials,
Vowd twixt your beautious Dutcheſſe and our ſelfe.
O what colde feare mens iealous ſtomacks feele
In that they moſt deſire: ſuſpecting ſtill,
'Tis eyther too too ſweete to take effect,
Or (in th'effect) muſt meete with ſome harſhe chaunce
To interuent the ioye of the ſucceſſe.
The ſame wiſht day (my Lord) you heere arriu'd,
I bad Lord *Hardenbergh* commaund two horſe,
Should priuately be brought for me and him,
To meete you on the waye for honours ſake,
And to expreſſe my ioye of your repaire:

When

When (loe:)the horſe I vſd to ride vpon,
(That would be gently backt at other times,)
Now offring but to mount him; ſtood aloft,
Flinging and bound: you know Lord *Hardenburgh.*
Hard. Yes my good Lord.
Alph. And was ſo ſtrangely out of wonted rule,
That I could hardlie back him.
Hard. True my liege: I ſtood amaz'd at it.
Alph. Well, yet I did;
And riding (not a furlong) downe he fell.
Hard. That neuer heeretofore would trip with him.
Alph. Yet would I forward needs: but *Hardenbergh*
More timorous then wiſe, as I ſuppoſed,
(For loue ſo hardned me, feare was my ſlaue)
Did ominate ſuch likelie ill to me,
If I went forward, that with much enforcement
Of what might chance, he draue me to retreat,
Didſt thou not *Hardenbergh?*
Hard. I did my Lord.
Alph. Yet all the euents & reaſons vrgd, thou ſaweſt,
Would ſcarcelie worke on me a mightie while.
Hard. 'Tis true my Lord.
Alph. I warrant thou wilt ſay,
Thou neuer yet ſaw'ſt any man ſo loathe
To be perſwaded ill, of ſo ill ſignes.
Hard. Neuer in all my life.
Alph. Thou wonderſt at it?
Hard. I did indeed my liege, not without cauſe.
Alph. O blame not *Hardenbergh:* for thou doſt know,
How ſharpe my heart was ſet, to entertaine
The Lord of this Ambaſſage louingly.
Hard. True my good Lord.

Alph. But (comming back) how gently the Iade went,
Did he not *Hardenbergh?*

Hard. As any horſe on earth could do my Lord.

Alph. Well ſir, this drew me into deepe conceit,
And to recomfort me, I did commaund
Lord *Hardenbergh* ſhould ope a Cabanet,
Of my choiſe Iewels, and to bring me thence
A ring: a riche and Violet *Hiacinthe*,
Whoſe ſacred vertue is to cheere the heart,
And to excite our heauie ſpirits to mirthe,
With putting on my finger ſwift, did breake,
Now this indeed did much diſcomfort me:
And heauie to the death, I went to bed,
Where in a ſlumber I did ſtrongly thinke,
I ſhould be married to the beautious Dutcheſſe:
And comming to my Chappell, to that end,
Duke *Conſtantine* her brother with his Lords
And all our peeres (me thought) attending vs,
Forth comes my princelie *Katherine*, led by death,
Who threatning me, ſtood cloſe vnto her ſide,
Vrging by thoſe moſt horrible portents,
That wedding her, I married mine owne death:
I frighted in my ſleepe, ſtrugled and ſweat.
And in the violence of my thoughts, cryed out
So lowde, that *Hardenberghe* awakt, and roſe.
Didſt thou not *Hardenberghe?*

Hard. I felt I did, for neuer yet (my Lord)
Was I in heart and ſoule ſo much diſmaide.

Alph. Why thus you ſee (my Lord) how your delaies,
Were mightilie, & with huge cauſe enforſte. (humors

Amb. But dreames (my lord) you know growe by the
Of the moiſt night, which ſtore of vapours lending

Vnto

Vnto our ſtomaches when we are in ſleepe,
And to the bodies ſupreame parts aſcending,
Are thence ſent back by coldneſſe of the braine,
And theſe preſent our idle phantaſies
With nothing true, but what our labouring ſoules
Without their actiue organs, falſelie worke.
Alp. My lord, know you, there are two ſorts of dreams,
One ſort whereof are onely phiſicall,
And ſuch are they whereof your Lordſhip ſpeakes,
The other Hiper-phiſicall: that is,
Dreames ſent from heauen, or from the wicked fiends,
Which nature doth not forme of her owne power,
But are extrinſecate, by maruaile wrought,
And ſuch was mine: yet notwithſtanding this,
I hope freſh ſtarres will gouerne in the ſpring,
And then aſſure our princelie friend your maiſter,
Our promiſe in all honour ſhall be kept:
Returne this anſwere Lord Ambaſſador,
And recommend me to my ſacred loue.
Amb. I will my lord: but how it will be accepted
I know not yet, your ſelfe ſhall ſhortly heare. *Exeunt*
Alph. Lords ſome of you aſſociate him, ha, ha, *all but*
Come *Hardenbergh*, was not this well deuiſ'd? *Alph.*
Hard. Exceeding well, and grauelie good my lord.
Alp. Come lets go and viſit my *Hianthe*,
She whoſe perfections, are of power to moone
The thoughts of *Cæſar* (did he liue) to loue. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus ſecundus.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Enter Flores, Caſsimeere, Laſsing. Lucil. Cor. Han. & Doct.
Hã. Wel miſtr. god giue you more ioy of your husbãd

Then your husband has of you.

Doct. Fie, too too bad by my fait, vat my Lord melancholie, and ha de ſweete Bride, de faire Bride, de verie fine Bride, ô monſieur, one, two, tree, voure, viue, with de braue capra, heigh.

Han. O the Doctor would make a fine frisking Vſher in a dauncing ſchoole.

Doct. O by garr, you muſt daunce de braue galliarr, A pox of dis melancholie.

Caſſ. My Lord, your humors are moſt ſtrange to vs, The humble fortune of a ſeruants life, Should in your careleſſe eſtate ſo much diſpleaſe.

Laſſ. Quod licet ingratum eſt, quod non licet acrius vrit.

Flor. Could my childes beautie, mooue you ſo my lord, When Lawe and dutie held it in reſtraint, And now (they both allowe it) be neglected?

Laſſ. I cannot relliſh ioyes that are enforſt, For were I ſhut in Paradice it ſelfe, I ſhould as from a priſon ſtriue t'eſcape.

Luc. Hapleſſe *Lucia*, worſt in her beſt eſtate.

Laſſ. Ile ſeeke me out ſome vnfrequented place, Free from theſe importunities of loue, And onelie loue, what mine owne fancie likes.

Luc. O ſtaie my Lord.

Flor. What meanes Earle *Laſſenbergh?*

Caſſ. Sweete Earle be kinder.

Laſſ. Let me go I pray.

Doct. Vat you go leaue a de Bride, tis no point good faſhion: you muſt ſtay be garr.

Laſſ. Muſt I ſtay ſir?

Doct. I ſpit your noſe, and yet is no violence, I will giue a de proue a dee good reaſon, reguard Monſieur, you

you no point eate a de meate to daie, you be de empty, be gar you be emptie, you be no point vel, you no point vell, be garr you be vere sicke, you no point leaue a de prouision, be garr you stay, spit your nose.

Lass. All staies haue strength like to thy arguments.

Cass. Staie *Lassenbergh.*

Luci. Deare Lord.

Flo. Most honord Earle.

Lass. Nothing shall hinder my resolued intent,
But I will restlesse wander from the world,
Till I haue shaken off these chaines from me. *Exit* La.

Luc. And I will neuer cease to follow thee,
Till I haue wonne thee from these vnkinde thoughts.

Cass. Haplesse *Lucilia.* *Exit* Luc.

Flor. Vnkinde *Lassenbergh.*

Doct. Be garr, dis Earle be de chollericke complection; almost skipshack, be garr: he no point staie for one place: Madame me be no so laxatiue: mee be bound for no point mooue, sixe, seauen, fiue hundra yeare, from you sweete sidea: be garr me be as de fine *Curianet*, about your vite necke: my harte be close tie to you as your fine Buske, or de fine Gartra boute your fine legge. (talkes.

Hans. A good sencible Doctor, how feelinglie he

Doct. A plage a de Marshan, blowe wine.

Han. You need not curse him sir, he has the stormes at Sea by this time.

Doct. *O forte bien*, a good Sea-sick ieast, by this faire hand: blowe winde for mee: puh he no come heere Madame.

Flo. Come noble Earle, let your kind presence grace
Our feast prepard, for this obdurate Lord,

And giue ſome comfort to his ſorrowfull bride,
Who in her pitteous teares ſwims after him.
Doct. Me beare you company ſignior *Flores.*
Flor. It ſhall not need ſir.
Doct. Be garr dis be de ſweet haue for me for anchor.
Flor. You are a ſweet ſmell-feaſt, Doctor that I ſee,
Ile no ſuch tub-hunters vſe my houſe:
Therefore be gone our marriage feaſt is daſht.
Doct. Vat ſpeake a me de feaſt: me ſpurne a me kick a
De feaſt, be garr me tell a,
Me do de grand grace, de fauor, for ſuppa, for dina,
For eata with dee, be garrs blur,
We haue at home de reſtoratiue de quinteſſence,
De pure deſtill goulde, de Nectar,
De Ambroſia, *Zacharee*, make ready de fine
Partriche depaſte de grand *Otamon?*
Han. Zacharee is not heere ſir, but I'll do it for you:
VVhat is that *Otamon*, ſir?
Doct. O de grand Bayaret de Mahomet,
De grand Turgur be garr.
Ha. O a Turkie ſir, you would haue roſted would you?
Call you him an *Otoman?*
Doct. Haue de whole ayre of Fowle at commaund.
Flor. You haue the foole at command ſir,
You might haue beſtowed your ſelfe better:
Wilt it pleaſe you walke M. Doct. Dodypoll.
Exeunt all but the Doctor.
Doct. How Doddie poole? garrs blurr,
Doctor Doddie, no point poole,
You be paltrie Iacke knaue by garr
De doctor is nicaſt, de doctor is rage,
De doctor is furie be gar, the doctor is

Horrible

Horrible, terrible, furie: Vell derre,
Be a ting me tinke, be gars blur me know,
Me be reuenge, me tella de Duke,
Vell me say no more, chok a de selfe foule churle,
Fowle horrible, terrible, pigge pye cod. *Exit.*

Enter Leander and Hyanthe.

Lea. I wonder, what varietie of sights,
Retaines your father, and the prince so long,
VVith signior *Flores?*

Hya. O signior *Flores*, is a man so ample
In euery complement of entertainement,
That guests with him, are as in Bowers enchanted,
Reft of all power, and thought of their returne:

Enter the Duke and Hardenbergh.

Lean. Be silent, heere's the Duke.

Alp. Aye me, beholde,
Your sonne Lord *Hardenbergh*,
Courting *Hyanthe*.

Har. If he be courting: tis for you my liege.

Alph. No *Hardenbergh*, he loues my sonne too well,
To be my spokes man in the rights of loue.
My faire *Hyanthie*, what discourse is it
Wherewith *Leander* holdes you this attentiue?
VVould I could thinke vpon the like for you.

Hya. You should but speake, & passe the time my lord.

Alp. Passe-time that pleaseth you: is the vse of time,
Had I the ordering of his winged wheele,
It onely should serue your desires and mine,
VVhat should it do, if you did gouerne it?

Hya. It should go backe againe, and make you yong.

Alph. Swounds *Hardenbergh*.

Hard. To her againe my Lord.

Alph.

Alp. *Hyanthe* wouldst thou loue me, I would vse thee
So kindlie, that nothing should take thee from me.
Hya. But time would soone take you frō me my lord.
Alp. Spight on my soule: why talke I more of time?
Shee's too good for me at time, by heauen.
Har. I and place to (my Lord) I warrant her.
Omnes. Stop, stop, stop.
Enter Albeydure mad, Motto, and others following him.
Mott. O stay my Lord.
Albe. *Hyanthe*, *Hyanthe*, ô me my loue.
Lea. Heer's the Duke his father, heele marr all.
Albe. O villaine, he that lockt her in his arms,
And through the riuer swims along with her,
Staie traiterous *Nessus*, giue me bowe and shafts,
Whirre, I haue strooke him vnder the shorte ribs,
I come *Hyanthe*, O peace, weepe no more. *Exit.*
Alp. Meanes he not me by *Nessus*, *Hardenbergh*?
Flor. My lord he is surelie mad.
Alph. *Hyanthe* loues him;
See how she trembles, and how pale she lookes,
She hath enchanted my deere *Alderbure*,
With crafts and treasons, and most villanous Arts,
Are meanes by which shee seekes to murder him,
Hardenbergh, take her, and impriſon her,
Within thy house, I will not loose my sonne,
For all the wealth, the Loues of heauen embrace.
Hya. What meanes your grace by this?
Alp. Away with her.
Hya. You offer me intollerable wrong.
Alp. Away with her I say.
Har. Come Ladie feare not, Ile entreate you well.
Hya. What iniurie is this. *Exit Hard. with Hyan.*

Alph. So

Alph. So now I haue obtainde what I deſir'd,
And I ſhall eaſilie worke her to my will,
For ſhe is in the hands of *Hardenbergh*,
Who will continually be pleading for me.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Roome, a hall, a hall, be garr vere is de Duke?

Alp. Heere maiſter Doctor.

Doct. O me haue grand important matter for tella your grace, how de know de cauſe, for de wiſh cauſe your ſonne is da madman.

Enter Alberdure running.

Alb. What art thou heere?
Sweete *Clio:* come be briefe,
Take me thy Timbrell and Tobaccho pipe,
And giue *Hyanthe* muſicke at her windowe.

Doct. Garrs blurr, my cap, my cap, coſt me de deale a French crowne.

Alb. But Ile crowne thee, with a cod of Muske,
Inſteed of Lawrell, and a Pomander:
But thou muſt write *Acroſtignes* firſt my girle.

Doct. Garzowne, what a pox do you ſtand heere for de grand pultrone pezant: and ſee de Doctor be dus.

Alb. Aye me, what *Demon* was it gulde me thus?
This is *Melpomene* that Scottiſh witch,
Whom I will ſcratche, like to ſome villanous gibb, and.

Doct. O garzowne, la diabole, la peſtilence gars blur.

Alp. Lay holde vpon him, helpe the Doctor there.

Alb. Then reaſon's fled to animals I ſee,
And Ile vaniſh like Tobaccho ſmoake. *Exit.*

Doct. A grand peſtilence a dis furie.

Alp. Follow him ſirs, *Leander*, good *Leander*:
But Doctor, canſt thou tell vs the true cauſe,

Of this his ſuddaine frenzie? (tale de ſhort tale?

Doct. O by garr, pleaze your grace heare de long

Alp. Briefe as you can good *Doctor.*

Doct. Faite, and trot, briefe den, very briefe, very laccingue, de prince your ſonne, feaſt with de knaue Ieweller *Flores*, and he for make a prince, loue a de ſoule croope-ſhouldra daughter *Cornelia*, giue a de prince a de loue poudra which my ſelfe giue for de wenche a, before, and make him ſtarke madde be garr, becauſe he drinke a too mucha.

Alp. How know you this?

Doct. Experience teach her by garr, de poudra haue grand force for enflama de bloud, too much make a de rage and de preſent furie: be garr I feare de mad man as de deuilla, garr bleſſe a.

Enter Hardenbergh.

Alp. How now ſweete *Hardenbergh?*

Har. The prince my Lord in going down the ſtaires
Hath forſte an Ape from one of the Treuants,
And with it (as he runnes) makes ſuch cleare way,
As no man dare oppoſe him to his furie.

Alp. Aye me, what may I do? heere are ſuch newes to
As neuer could haue entred our free eares,
But that their ſharpneſſe do enforce a paſſage,
Follow vs Doctor, 'tis *Flores* trecherie
That thus hath wrought my ſonnes diſtemperature.

Hard. *Flores* the Ieweller? *Exit.*

Doct. I he, dat fine precious ſtone knaue, by garr I tinke I ſhall hit vpon hir skirt till be thred bare new. *Exit.*

Muſicke playing within. Enter a Peaſant.

Peſ. Tis night, and good faith I am out of my way,
O harke what braue muſick is this vnder the green hill?

Enter

Enter Fairies bringing in a banquet.

O daintie, O rare, a banquet, would to Chriſt,
I were one of their gueſts: Gods ad, a fine little
Dapper fellow has ſpyed me: what will he doo?
He comes to make me drinke. I thanke you ſir.
Some of your victuals I pray ſir, nay now keepe your
I haue enough I, the cup I faith. *Exit.* (meate,

Enter the ſpirit with banqueting ſtuffe, & miſsing the Peſant lookes vp & downe for him, the reſt wondring at him, to them enters the Enchanter.

Ench. Where is my precious cup you Antique flames,
Tis thou that haſt conuaide it from my bowre,
And I will binde thee in ſome helliſh caue,
Till thou recouer it againe for me.
You that are bodyes made of lighteſt ayre,
To let a Peaſant mounted on a Iade,
Coozen your curteſies, and run away
With ſuch a Iewell: worthy are to endure,
Eternall pennance in the lake of fier.

Enter Laſſ. & Lucilla.

Laſſ. Wilt thou not ceaſe then to purſue me ſtill,
Should I entreate thee to attend me thus,
Then thou wouldſt pant and reſt; then your ſoft feete,
Would be repining at theſe niggard ſtones:
Now I forbid thee, thou purſueſt like winde,
Ne tedious ſpace of time, nor ſtorme can tire thee,
But I will ſeeke out ſome high ſlipperie cloſe,
Where euery ſtep ſhall reache the gate of death,
That feare may make thee ceaſe to follow me.

Luc. There will I bodileſſe be, when you are there,
For loue deſpiſeth death, and ſcorneth feare.

Laſſ. Ile wander where ſome boyſterous riuer parts
This ſolid continent, and ſwim from thee.

Luc. And there Ile follow, though I drowne for thee.
Laſſ. But I forbid thee.
Luc. I'deſire thee more.
Laſſ. Art thou ſo obſtinate?
Luc. You taught me ſo.
Laſſ. I ſee thou loueſt me not.
Luc. I know I doo.
Laſſ. Do all I bid thee then.
Luc. Bid then, as I may doo.
Laſſ. I bid thee leaue mee.
Luc. That I cannot doo.
Laſſ. My hate.
Luc. My loue.
Laſſ. My torment.
Luc. My delight.
Laſſ. Why do I ſtraine to wearie thee with words?
Speech makes thee liue; Ile then with ſilence kill thee:
Henceforth be deafe to thy words,
And dumbe to thy minde.
Ench. What rock hath bred this ſauage minded man?
That ſuch true loue, in ſuch rare beautie ſhines,
Long ſince I pittied her: pittie breeds loue;
And loue commaunds th'aſſiſtance of my Art,
T'enclude them in the bounds of my commaund.
Heere ſtay your wandring ſteps: clime ſiluer ſtrings,
Chime hollow caues, and chime you whiſtling reedes,
For muſick is the ſweeteſt chime for loue:
Spirits binde him, and let me leaue my loue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aberdure *at one doore, and meetes with the Peſant at the other doore.*

Alb. *Hyanthe.* ô ſweete *Hyanthe*, haue I met thee?
How is thy beautie changed ſince our departure?

Abeard

A beard *Hyanthe*? ô tis growne with griefe,
But now this loue ſhall teare thy griefe from thee.

Pea. A pox on you: what are you?
Swounds I thinke I am haunted with ſpirits.

Alb. Weepe not *Hyanthe*; Ile weepe for thee:
Lend me thy eyes, no villaine thou art he
That in the top of *Eruines* hill:
Daunſt with the Moone, and eate vp all the ſtarres,
Which make thee like *Hyanthe* ſhine ſo faire,
But villaine, I will rip them out of thee.

Enter Motto and others.

Pea. Slid holde your hands.

Alp. I come with thunder.

Pea. Come and you dare.

Mott. Holde villaine, tis the young prince *Alberdure*.

Pea. Let the young Prince hold then, ſlid I haue no ſtarres in my bellie, I, let him ſeeke his *Hyanthe* where he will.

Alb. O this way by the glimmering of the Sunne,
And the legierite of her ſweete feete,
Shee ſcowted on, and I will follow her,
I ſee her like a goulden ſpangle ſit,
Vpon the curled branche of yonder tree,
Sit ſtill *Hyanthe*, I will flie to thee. *Exit.*

Mott. Follow, follow, follow. *Exeunt all but Peaſ.*

Enter Flores and Homer.

Pea. Together and be hanged O, (theſe two.
Heere comes more, pray God I haue better lucke with
By your leaue ſir, do you know one Maiſt. *Flores* I pray?

Flo. What wouldſt thou haue with him?

Pea. Faith ſir, I am directed to you by Lady Fortune with a peece of plate: I doe hope you will vſe plaine

dealing, being a Ieweller.

Flor. Where hadst thou this?

Pec. In a very strange place sir.

Han. He stole it sir I warrant you.

Flo. I neuer sawe a Iemme so precious:
So wonderfull in substance and in Art:
Fellow confesse precisely, where thou hadst it.

Pea. Faith sir, I had it in a caue in the bottome of a fine greene hill, where I found a company of Fairies, I thinke they call them.

Flo. Sawst thou any more such furniture there?

Pea. Store sir, store.

Elo. And canst thou bring me thither?

Pea. With a wet finger sir.

Han. And ha they good cheere too?

Pea. Excellent.

Han. O sweete theefe.

Flo. Tis sure some place enchanted, which this ring
Will soone dissolue, and guard me free from feare:
Heer's for the cup, come guide me quickly thither.
Ah, could I be possest of more such Iemmes,
I were the wealthiest Ieweller on earth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enchanter, leading Luc. *&* Lass. *bound by spirits, who being laid down on a green banck, the spirits fetch in a baquet.*

The Song.

Oh princely face and fayre, that lightens all the ayre,
Would God my eyes kinde fire, might life and soule inspire:
To thy riche beauty shining in my hearts treasure,
The vnperfect words refining, for perfect pleasure.

Ench. Lie there, and lose the memorie of her,
Who likewise hath forgot the thought of thee

By

By my inchantments: come ſit downe faire Nimphe
And taſte the ſweetneſſe of theſe heauenly cates,
Whilſt from the hollow craines of this rocke,
Muſick ſhall ſound to recreate my loue.
But tell me had you euer louer yet?
Luc. I had a louer I thinke, but who it was,
Or where, or how long ſince, aye me, I know not:
Yet beat my timerous thoughts on ſuch a thing,
I feele a paſſionate heate, but finde no flame:
Thinke what I know not, nor know what I thinke.
Ench. Haſt thou forgot me then? I am thy loue,
Whom ſweetly thou wert wont to entertaine,
With lookes, with vowes of loue, with amorous kiſſes,
Lookſt thou ſo ſtrange, dooſt thou not know me yet?
Luc. Sure I ſhould know you.
Ench. Why loue, doubt you that?
Twas I that lead you through the painted meades,
Where the light Fairies daunſt vpon the flowers,
Hanging on euery leafe an orient pearle,
Which ſtrooke together with the ſilken winde,
Of their looſe mantels made a ſiluer chime.
Twas I that winding my ſhrill bugle horne,
Made a guilt pallace breake out of the hill,
Filled ſuddenly with troopes of knights and dames,
Who daunſt and reueld whilſte we ſweetly ſlept,
Vpon a bed of Roſes wrapt all in goulde,
Dooſt thou not know me yet?
Luc. Yes now I know you. (kis.
Ench. Come then confirme thy knowledge with a
Luc. Nay ſtay, you are not he, how ſtrange is this.
Enbh. Thou art growne paſſing ſtrange my loue,
To him that made thee ſo long ſince his bride.

Luc.

Luc. O was it you? come then, ô ſtay a while,
I know not where I am, nor where I am,
Nor you, nor theſe I know, no any thing.

Enter Flores with Hance and the Peaſant.

Pea. This is the greene Sir where I had the Cup,
And this the bottome of a falling hill,
This way I went following the ſound:
And ſee.

Hanc. O ſee, and ſeeing, eate withall.

Flo. What *Laſſenbergh* laid bound, and fond *Lucilla*
Wantonly feaſting by a ſtrangers ſide,
Peaſant be gone, *Hance* ſtand you there and ſtir not,
Now ſparckle forth thy beams thou vertuous Iemme,
And loſe theſe ſtrong enchauntments.

Ench. Stay, aye me:
VVe are betrai'd, haſte ſpirits and remoue
This table and theſe cups remoue I ſay,
Our incantations ſtrangely are diſſolu'd.

Exeunt Ench, with ſpirits and banquets.

Hanc. O ſpightfull churles, haue they caried away all? has haſte made no waſte?

Luc. My Lord Earle *Laſſenbergh*, ô pardon me.

Laſ. Away from me.

Luc. O can I in theſe bands, forget the
Dutie of my loue to you? were they
Of Iron, or ſtrong Adamant, my hands
Should teare them from my wronged Lord.

Flo. O *Laſsenbergh*, to what vndoubted perrill,
Of life and honour had you brought your ſelfe,
By obſtinacie of your froward minde?
Had not my fortune brought me to this place,
To loſe the enchantment, which enthralled you both,

By

By hidden vertue of this precious ring.
Come therefore friendly, and imbrace at laſt
The liuing partner of your ſtrange miſhaps,
Iuſtly purſuing you for flying her.
Laſſ. Leaue me I ſay, I can endure no more.
Lu. Ah, haue I looſ'd thee then, to flie from mee?
Laſſ. Away. *Exit.*
Lu. Ile follow thee.
Flo. Tarrie *Lucilia.*
Lu. Deare father pardon mee. *Exit.*
Flo. Sirah, attend her poore wretch,
I feare this too much loue in thee, is fatall to thee:
Vp ſirrah, follow your miſtreſſe.
Han. I ſir, I go, my miſtreſſe dogs the banket,
And I dog her. *Exeunt.*

Finis. *ACTVS TERTII.*

Enter Motto, Raphe bringing in Alberdure.

Motto. So ſir, lay euen downe your handie worke.
Raph. Nay ſir, your handie worke, for you were the cauſe of his drowning.
Mot. I, I defie thee: wert not thou next him when he leapt into the Riuer?
Raph. O monſtrous lyar.
Mot. Lye, you peaſant, go too, Ile go tell the Duke.
Raph. I ſir, Ile go with you I warrant you. *Exeunt.*
Alb. What ſodain cold is this that makes me ſhake,
Whoſe veines euen now were fill'd with raging fire?
How am I thus all wet, what water's this,
That lies ſo yeelike, freezing in my blood?

I thinke the cold of it hath cur'd my heate,
For I am better tempred then before:
But in what vnacquainted place am I?
O where is my *Hyanthe*, where's *Leander*?
What all alone? nothing but woods and ſtreames,
I cannot gueſſe whence theſe euents ſhould grow.

Enter Peaſant.

Pea. O that I could loſe my way for another cup now,
I was well paide for it yfaith.

Alb. Yonder is one, Ile enquire of him.
Fellow ho? Peaſant?

Pea. Aie me, the mad man againe, the mad man.

Alb. Saie, whither flieſt thou?

Pea. Pray let me goe ſir, I am not *Hyanthie*,
In truth I am not ſir.

Alb. *Hyanthie* villaine, wherfore nameſt thou her?

Pea. If I haue any ſcarres in my belly,
Pray God I ſtarue ſir.

Alb. The wretch is mad I thinke. (amended ſir.

Pea. Not I ſir, but you be not madde, you are well

Alb. Why telleſt thou me of madneſſe?

Pea. You were little better then mad euen now ſir,
When you gaue me ſuch a twitch by the beard.

Alb. I can remember no ſuch thing, my friend.

Pe. No ſir, but if you had a beard your ſelf you wold.

Alb. What place is this? how far am I from court?

Pea. Some two myles, and a wye byt ſir.

Alb. I wonder much my friends haue left me thus,
Peazant, I pray thee change apparell with mee.

Pea. Change apparell, Ifaith you wil loſe by that ſir.

Alb. I care not: Come I pray thee letts change.

Pea. With all my heart ſir, and I thanke you too.

Sblood

Sblood y'are very moiſt ſir, did you ſweat al this I pray?
You haue not the diſeaſe I hope.

Alb. No I warrant thee.

Pea. At a venture ſir Ile change,
Nothing venter, nothing enter.

Alb. Come letts be gonne.

Pea. Backe ſir I pray. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hardenbergh with a guard, bringing in Caſsimere, Flores, Doctor, Marchant, Cornelia, Motto, & Raphe.

Har. Thus *Flores* you apparantly perceiue
How vaine was your ambition, and
What dangers, all vnexpected fall vpon your head,
Pouertie, exile, guiltineſſe of heart,
And endleſſe miſerie to you and yours,
Your goods are ſeized alreadie for the Duke.
And if Prince *Alberdure* be found deceaſt,
The leaſt thou canſt expect is baniſhment.
Earle *Caſsimere* I take your word of pledge
Of his appearance, Pages of the Prince
Come guide me ſtraight where his drownd bodie lies,
Drownes his father in eternall teares.

Mot. Drownes him, and will hang vs. *Exit cum ſeruis*

Mar. Good ſignior *Flores*, I am ſory for you. *manet Al.*

Doct. Marſhan, parle vu peu, Be garr, me vor grand loue, me beare de good Merſhan, vor de grand worte be garr, and de grand deſerte me ſee in you: de braue merſhan me no point, Riuall, you haue *Cornelia* alone, by my trot, ha, ha, ha.

Mar. M. Doctor *Doddie*, ſurnam'd the Amorouſ'de,
I will ouercome you in curteſie, your ſelfe
Shall haue her.

Doct. No by garr Marſhan: you bring de fine tings
From de ſtrange land: vere de Sunne do riſe,
De iewell de fine ſtuffe vor de braue gowne,
Me no point: Come, by garr, you haue *Cornet.*

Caſſ. Hands off baſe Doctor, ſhee deſpiſeth thee,
Too good for thee to touch, or looke vpon.

Flo. What wretched ſtate is this Earle *Caſsimere*,
That I, and my vnhappie progenie
Stand ſubiect to the ſcornes of ſuch as theſe?

Caſſ. Grieue not deare friends, theſe are but caſuall
That wanton Fortune daily caſts at thoſe (darts
In whoſe true boſomes perfect honour growes.
Now *Dodypoll* to you: you here refuſe
Cornelias marriage, yow'le none of her?

Doct. Be garr you be de prophet, not I by my trot.

Caſſ. Nor you maſte merchant? ſhee's too poore (for you?

Mar. Not ſo ſir, but yet I am content to let fall my (ſuite.

Caſſ. Cornelia, both diſſembled they wold haue you:
Which like you beſt?

Cor. My Lord, my fortunes are no chuſers now,
Nor yet accepters of diſcurteſies.

Caſſ. You muſt chuſe one here needs.

Doct. By garr no chuſe mee, me clime to heauen,
Me ſinke to hell, me goe here, me go dare, me no point deere by garr.

Caſſ. If you will none: whoſe iudgements are too baſe to cenſure true deſert, your betters will.

Flo. What meanes Lord *Caſsimere* by theſe ſtrange
Caſ. I mean to take *Cornelia* to my wife. (words?

Flo. Will you then in my miſerie mock me too?

Caſ. I

Caſſ. I mock my friend in miſery? heauēs ſcorne ſuch,
Halfe my eſtate, and halfe my life is thine,
The reſt ſhall be *Cornelias* and mine.

Doct. O bitter ſheſſe be garr.

Flo. My Lord, I know your noble loue to me,
And do ſo highly your deſerts eſteeme,
That I will neuer yeeld to ſuch a match,
Chooſe you a beautious dame of high degree,
And leaue *Cornelia* to my fate and mee.

Caſs. Ah *Flores*, *Flores*, were not I aſſured,
Both of thy nobleneſſe, thy birth and merite:
Yet my affection vow'd with friendſhips toong,
In ſpight of all baſe changes of the world,
That tread on nobleſt head once ſtoopt by fortune,
Should loue and grace thee to my vtmoſt power,
Cornelia is my wife, what ſayes my loue?
Cannot thy fathers friend entreat ſo much?

Cor. My humble minde can nere preſume,
To dreame in ſuch high grace, to my lowe ſeate.

Caſs. My graces are not ordered in my words,
Come loue, come friend, for friendſhip now and loue,
Shall both be ioynde in one eternall league.

Flo. O me, yet happy in ſo true a friend. *Exeunt.*

Doct. Eſt poſſible, by garr, de foole Earle drinke my powder, I tinke Merſhan tella mee.

Mar. What maiſter Doctor Doddie?

Doct. Hab you be blew, and de yellow Veluet ha?

Mar. What of that ſir?

Doct. Be garr me buy too, tree peece, vor make de Cockeſ-combe pur de foole Earle, ha, ha, ha. *Exit.*

Mer. Fortune ſights lowe,
VVhen ſuch triumphe on Earles. *Exit.*

Enter Lassenbergh singing, Lucilla following after the Song he speakes.

Lass. O wearie of the way and of my life,
VVhere shall I rest my sorrowed tired limmes?
Luc. Rest in my bosome, rest you here my Lord,
A place securer you can no where finde.
Lass. Nor more vnfit, for my vnpleased minde:
A heauie slumber calles me to the earth;
Heere will I sleepe, if sleepe will harbour heere.
Luc. Vnhealthfull is the melancholie earth,
O let my Lord rest on *Lucilla's* lappe,
Ile helpe to shield you from the searching ayre,
And keepe the colde dampes from your gentle bloud.
Lass. Pray thee away, for whilst thou art so neere,
No sleepe will seaze on my suspicious eyes.
Luc. Sleepe then, and I am pleazd far off to sit,
Like to a poore and forlorne Sentinell,
VVatching the vnthankfull sleepe that seuers me,
From my due part of rest deere loue with thee.

Shee sits farre off from him.

Enter Const. Dutchesse with a willowe Garland. cum alijs.

Con. Now are we neere the court of *Saxonie*:
VVhere the duke dreames such tragicall ostents.
Amb. I wonder we now treading on his soile,
See none of his strange apparitions.
Kath. VVe are not worthy of such meanes diuine,
Nor hath heauen care of our poore liues like his,
I must endure the end, and show I liue,
Though this same plaintiffe wreath doth showe
Me forsaken: Come let vs foorth.
Const. Stay sister, what faire sight,
Sits mourning in this desolate abode.

Dut.

Dut. Faire ſight indeed, it is ymuch too faire,
To ſit ſo ſad and ſolitarie there.
Con. But what is he that Cur-like ſleepes alone?
Dut. Looke is it not my Nephew *Laſingbergh*?
Amb. Madame 'tis hee.
Dut. Ile ſure learne more of this.
Lady, if ſtrangers that wiſh you well,
May be ſo bould to aske, pray whats the cauſe
That you more then ſtrangely ſit alone?
Luc. Madam, thus muſt forſaken creatures ſit,
Whoſe merits cannot make their loues confort them.
Dut. What a poore fellow in my miſerie?
Welcome ſweet partner, and of fauour tell me,
Is this ſome friend of yours that ſlumbers heere?
Luc. My husband (madame) and my ſelfe his friend,
But he of late vnfriendly is to me.
Con. Sifter lets wake her friend.
Dut. No, let him ſleepe: and gentle dame if you
Will be rulde by me, Ile teach you how to rule
Your friend in loue: nor doubt you our acquaintance,
For the man whom you ſo much affect,
Is friend to vs. *Shee riſeth.*
Luc. Pardon me Madame, now I know your grace.
Dut. Then knowſt thou one in fortune like thy ſelfe,
And one that tenders thy ſtate as her owne.
Come let our Nephew *Laſingbergh* ſleepe there,
And gentle Neece come you to court with vs,
If you dare mixe your loues ſucceſſe with mine,
I warrant you I counſell for the beſt.
Luc. I muſt not leaue him now (madame) alone,
Whom thus long I haue followed with ſuch care.
Dut. You wearie him with too much curteſie:

Leaue

Leaue him a little and heele follow you.

Luc. I know not what to doo.

Dut. Come, come with vs.

Con. Dame neuer feare, get you a Willow w.
The Dutcheſſe (doubt not) can aduiſe you well.

Luc. Lets wake him then, and let him go with v

Dut. That's not ſo good, I pray be rulde by me.

Luc. Sleep then deare loue, & let ſleep that doth bind
Thy ſence ſo gently, make thee more kinde. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hance in the Princes apparrell, and the Peſant.

Pea. Come ſirra, money for your gentlemans apparel,
You promiſt me money ſir, but I perceiue you forget (your ſelfe.

Han. True, pride makes a man forget himſelfe,
And I haue quite forgot that I owe thee any.

Pea. But Ile put you in minde ſir, if there be any ſergeants in *Saxonie*, I thinke I meane not to looſe ſo much by you.

Han. Why I haue loſt a maiſter and a miſtreſſe,
And yet I aske thee no money for them.

Pea. I bought them not of you ſir, therefore pay me my money.

Han. I will pay thee morningly euery morning, as long as thou liueſt, looke in thy right ſhooe and thou ſhalt finde ſixe pence.

Pea. What a fowle knaue and fairie: well vſe thy conſcience. I thanke God I ſtand in neede of no ſuch trifles. I haue another iewell heere, which I found in the Princes pocket when I chang'd apparrell with him, that will I make money of, and go to the ieweller that bought the cup of mee. Farewell, if God put in thy minde to pay me, ſo: if not, ſo. *Exit.*

Hance.

Han. O braue free harted ſlaue: he has the laske of minde vpon him.

Laſſ. What ſpeech is this, that interrupts my reſt?
Who haue we heere?

Han. Sometime a ſeruingman, and ſo were yee,
Both now iolly gentlemen you ſee.

Laſſ. What ſir, how came you thus gallant I beſeech (you?

Han. I turn'd the ſpit in Fortunes wheele ſir.

Laſſ. But ſtay, where is *Lucilia*?

Han. Marry where ſay you ſir?

Laſſ. Villaine, looke for her, call her, ſeeke her out:
Lucilia? where's my loue? ô where's *Lucillia*?
Aye me, I feare my barbarous rudeneſſe to her,
Hath driuen her to ſome deſperate exigent,
Who would haue tempted her (true loue) ſo farre,
The gentleſt minds with iniuries ouercome,
Growe moſt impacient, ô *Lucillia*,
Thy abſence ſtrikes a louing feare in me,
Which from what cauſe ſo euer it proceedes,
Would God I had beene kinder to thy loue.

Enter Hard. with a guarde, Motto, Raphe.

Hard. Slaues, can yee not direct vs to the place?

Mot. Yes ſir, heer's the place we left him in.

Ra. O ſee) my lord) heer's one weares his apparrell.

Hard. But wher's he? ſtay ſirra, what are you
That iet thus in the garments of the Prince?

Han. Bought and ſold ſir, in the open market ſir,
Aske my maiſter.

Hard. Earle *Laſſinbergh*, where is the Princes body?

Laſſ. Why aske you me my Lord?

Har. Since you are in the place where he was drownd,
And this your hinde here, hath his garments on.

Laſſ. Enquire of him then.

Hard. Ile enquire of you, and of your gallant too:
Guard apprehend them, and bring them
Preſentlie to court with vs.

Laſſ. What meanes Lord *Hardenberg*?
To entreate me thus?

Har. That you ſhall know anon, bring them away.

Enter Leander and Hyanthe. (*Exeunt.*

Lean. O Madam, neuer were our teares beſtowed
Of one whoſe death was worthier to be mon'd,
Deere *Alberdure*, why parted I from thee?
And did not like the faithfull *Pilades*,
Attend my deere *Oreſtes* in his rage.

Hya. O my ſweete loue, O princelie *Alberdure*,
Would God the riuer where thy courſe lay drownde,
Were double deepe in me, and turned to teares,
That it might be conſumde for ſwallowing thee.

Enter Alber. with a basket of Apricocks diſguiſed.

Alber. In this diſguiſe, Ile ſecretly enquire,
Why I was ſo forſaken of my friend,
And left to danger of my lunacie:
Here is the man, that moſt I blame for this,
Whoſe vowed friendſhip promiſd greater care:
But he it ſeemes enamour'd of my loue;
Was glad of that occaſion, and I feare:
Hath turned her womaniſh conceipt from me,
Ile prooue them both. Maiſter wilt pleaſe you
Buie a basket of well riped Apricocks?

Lea. I pray thee keepe thy dainties, I am full
Of bitter ſorrowes, as my hart can holde.

Alb. It may be maiſter your faire Lady will?

Hya. No friend, my ſtomack is more full then his.

Lea.

Lea. Where dwelleſt thou friend?
Alb. Not farre from hence my Lord. (ſtreame
Lea. Then thou knoweſt well which was the fatall
Wherein the young prince *Alberdure* was drownd?
Alb. I know not he was drownd: but oft haue ſeene
The pittious manner of his lunacie.
In depth whereof he ſtill would eccho forth,
A Ladies name that I haue often heard,
Beautious *Hyanthe*, but in ſuch ſad ſort,
As if his frenzie felt ſome ſecret touch,
Of her vnkindneſſe and inconſtancie:
And when his paſſions ſomewhat were appeaz'd,
Affoording him (it ſeemd) ſome truer ſence
Of his eſtate; left in his fittes alone:
Then would he wring his hands, extreamly weeping,
Exclaiming on the name of one *Leander*,
Calling him Traitor and vnworthie friend,
So to forſake him in his miſerie.
Lea. Accurſed I, ô thou haſt mooued me more,
Then if a thouſand ſhewers of venom'd darts,
With ſeuerall paines at once had prickt my ſoule.
Hya. O thou ordaind, to beare ſwords in thy toung,
Dead thou haſt ſtruck me, and I liue no more.
Alb. It ſeemes your honoures loued him tenderly.
Lea. O my good friend, knewſt thou how deer I loued (him.
Hya. Nay knewſt thou honeſt friend,
How deere I loued him.
Alb. I ſee then, you would reioyce at his health?
Lea. As at my life, were it reuiued from death.
Hya. As at my ſoule, were it preſeru'd from hell.
Alb. Be then from death and hell recouered both,
As I am now by your firme loues to me:
Admire me not, I am that *Alberdure*

Whom you thought drownde,
That friend, that loue, am I.
Lea. Pardon ſweete friend.
Hya. Pardon my princely loue.
Alb. Deare loue, no further gratulations now,
Leaſt I be ſeene, and knowne: but ſweete *Leander*,
Do you conceale me in thy fathers houſe,
That I may now remaine with my *Hyanthie*,
And at our pleaſures ſafely ioy each others loue.
Lea. I will (deare friend) and bleſſe my happy ſtars,
That giue me meanes to ſo deſir'de a deed.

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Enter Caſimeere, Flores with the Cup, Peſant, and the Marchant.

Mar. See ſignior *Flores*,
A Peſant that I met with neere your houſe:
VVhere ſince he found you not,
He asked of me the place of your abode,
And heere I haue brought him.
Flo. I thanke you ſir: my good lord *Caſimeere*,
This is the man that brought this cup to me,
Which for my ranſome, we go now to offer
To my good lord the Duke.
Caſſ. VVhat brings he now?
Flo. That will we know: come hither honeſt friend,
What wiſht occaſion brings thee now to me?
Pea. This occaſion ſir, what will ye giue me for it?
Flo. Thou art a luckie fellow, let vs ſee:
Lord *Caſimere*, this is the hapleſſe Iewell,
That repreſents the forme of *Alberdure*,

Giuen

Giuen by *Cornelia* at our fatall feaſt,
Where hadſt thou this, my good and happy friend?

Pea. Faith ſir, I met with the young prince all wet, who lookt as if he had beene a quarter of a yeare drowned: yet prettelie come to himſelfe, ſauing that he was ſo madde to change apparrell with me: in the pocket whereof ſir, I found this Iewell.

Flo. O tell me trulie, liues prince *Alberdure?*

Pea. He liues a my word ſir, but very poorelie now, God helpe him.

Caſs. Is he recouered of his Lunacie?

Pea. I by my faith, hee's tame inough now Ile warrant him.

Flo. And where is he?

Pea. Naie that I cannot tell.

Caſs. Come *Flores* haſt we quicklie to the Court,
VVith this moſt happie newes.

Flo. Come happie friend,
The moſt auſpitious meſſenger to me,
That euer greeted me in Peſants weeds. *Exeunt.*

Enter Doctor.

Mar. I would I could meet with M. Doctor Doddie,
I haue a tricke to gull the Aſſe withall,
I chriſtned him right Doctor Doddipole.
Heere he comes paſſing luckely, Ile counterfeit
Buſineſſe with him in all poſte haſte poſſible:
Maiſter Doctor, maiſter Doctor?

Doct. Sheſue vat ayle de man?

Mar. I loue you maiſter Doctor, and therefore withall the ſpeed I could poſſiblie, I ſought you out.

Doct. Vell, vat?

Mar. This ſir, the marriage which we thought made

euen now, betweene Earle *Caſsimere* and *Cornelia*, was but a ieſt onely to drawe you to marrie her, for ſhe doth exceedinglie dote vpon you: and *Flores* her father hath inuented, that you are betrothed to her, and is gone with a ſupplication to the Duke, to enforce you to marrie her.

Doct. Be garr me thought no leſſe, O knaue Ieweller, O vile begger, be my trot Marſhan, me ſtuddie, me beat my braine, me inuent, me dreame vpon ſuch a ting.

Mar. I know ſir your wit would foreſee it.

Doct. O by garr, tree, fore, fiue monthe agoe.

Mar. Well ſir, y'aue a perilous wit, God bleſſe me out of the ſwinge of it: but you had beſt looke to it betimes; for Earl *Caſsimere* hath made great friends againſt you.

Doct. Marſhan, me loue, me embrace, me kiſſe de will be my trot.

Mer. Well ſir, make haſte to preuent the worſte.

Doct. I flie Marſhan, ſpit de Earle, ſpit de wenche, ſpit all bee garre, Se dis Marſhan, de braue Braine be garre. *Exit.*

Mar. De braue braine by garre, not a whit of the flower of wit in it. Ile to the Courte after him, and ſee how he abuſes the Dukes patience. *Exit.*

Enter Alphonſo, Hard. Laſsing. Leander, Stro. Hoſherman, Motto and Raphe.

Alp. Aye me, what hard extremitie is this?
Nor quick nor dead, can I beholde my ſonne.

Enter Hance in the Princes apparrell.

Hance. Beholde your ſonne:
Bleſſing noble Father.

Hard. Malipart knaue, art thou the Princes ſonne?

Han. I ſir, apparrell makes the man.

Alp.

Alp. Vnhappy man, would God I had my ſonne,
So he had his *Hyanthe*, or my life.
Lea. Should he enioy *Hyanthe* my Lord?
Would you forſake your loue ſo he did liue?
Alp. My loue and life, did my deere ſonne ſuruiue.
Lea. But were he found, or ſhould he liue my Lord,
Although *Hyanthes* loue were the chiefe cauſe
Of his miſhap, and amourous lunacie,
I hope your highneſſe loues him ouer well,
To let him repoſſeſſe his wits with her.
Alp. My loue is dead, in ſorrow for his death,
His life and wits, ſhould ranſome worlds from me.
Lea. My Lord, I had a viſion this laſt night,
Wherein me thought I ſawe the prince your ſonne,
Sit in my fathers garden with *Hyanthe*,
Vnder the ſhaddow of the Lawrell tree.
VVith anger therefore you ſhould be ſo wrongde,
I wakt, but then contemned it as a dreame,
Yet ſince my minde beates on it mightelie,
And though I thinke it vaine, if you vouchſafe,
Ile make a triall of the truthe hereof. *Exit.*
Alp. Do good *Leander*: *Hardenbergh* your ſonne
Perhaps deludes me with a viſition,
To mocke my viſion, that deferde the Dutcheſſe,
And with *Hyanthe* cloſlie keepes my ſonne.
Hard. Your ſonne was madde, and drownd,
This cannot bee.
Alp. But yet this circumuenting ſpeech,
Offered ſuſpition of ſuch euent.
Stro. My lord, moſt fortunate were that euent,
That would reſtore your ſonne from death to life.
Har. As though a viſion ſhould do ſuch a deed.

Alp.

Alp. No,no,the boyes young brain was humorous,
His ſeruant and his Page did ſee him drown'd.

Enter Leander, Alberdure, Hyanthe, Alberdure ſeeming fearefull to come forward.

Lea. Come on ſweet friend, I warrant thee thy loue.
Shun not thy fathers ſight that longs for thee.

Alb. Go then before, and we will follow ſtraight.

Lean. Comfort my Lord, my viſion proou'd moſt true,
Euen in that place, vnder the Lawrell ſhade,
I found them ſitting iuſt, as I beheld them
In my late viſion: ſee ſir where they come.

Alp. Am I enchanted? or ſee I my ſonne?
I, I, the boy hath plaide the traytor with me:
O you young villaine, truſt you with my loue,
How ſmoothe the cunning treacher lookt on it.

Hard. But ſirra can this be? (drownd,

Lean. You knew him to be mad, theſe thought him
My Lord, take you no more delight to ſee your ſonne,
Recouered of his life and wits?

Alp. See, ſee, how boldly the young pollytician
Can vrge his practiſe: Sirra you ſhall know,
Ile not be ouer-reacht with your young braine:
All haue agreed I ſee to cozen me,
But all ſhall faile: come Ladie, Ile haue you
Spight of all: and ſonne learne you
Hereafter, to vſe more reuerend meanes,
To obtaine of me what you deſire:
I haue no ioy to ſee thee rai'zd,
From a deluding death.

Hya. My Lord, 'tis tyrrannie t'enforce my loue.

Lean. I hope your Highneſſe will maintaine your (word.

Alp.

Alp. Dooſt thou ſpeake Traitor?
Straight Ile haue you ſafe:
For daring to delude me in my loue.
Albe. O friend, thou haſt betraide my loue in vaine,
Now am I worſe, then eyther mad or drown'd:
Now haue I onely wits to know my griefes,
And life to feele them.
Hya. Let me go to him.
Alp. Thou ſhalt not haue thy will,
Nor he his Loue:
Neither of both know what is fit for you.
I loue with iudgement, and vpon cold bloud,
He with youths furie, without reaſons ſtay:
And this ſhall time, and my kinde vſage of thee,
Make thee diſcerne, meane time conſider this;
That I neglect for thee a beautious Dutcheſſe,
Who next to thee is faireſt in the world.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, the Duke of *Brunſwick*, and his ſiſter
The beautious Dutcheſſe are arriued here.
Alp. Whats that the Dutcheſſe?
Meſ. Euen her grace my Lord.
Alp. VVhy *Hardenbergh* ha,
Is the Dutcheſſe come?
Hard. I know not my good Lord,
Where is the Dutcheſſe?
Meſ. Hard by my Lord.
Alp. Sounes I am not here, go tell her ſo;
Or let her come, my choice is free in loue.
Come my *Hyanthie*, ſtand thou cloſe to me.
Meſ. My Lord, the Duke himſelfe is come to vrge

Your promiſe to him, which you muſt not breake."
Hoſch. Nor will you wiſh to breake it good my lord?
I am aſſur'd, when you ſhall ſee the Dutcheſſe,
Whoſe matchleſſe beauties will renew the minde,
Of her rare entertainment, and her preſence,
Put all new thoughts of loue out of your minde.
Alp. Well I do ſee 'tis beſt, my ſweete *Hyanthie*,
That thou ſtand further.
Hya. Ile be gone my Lord.
Alp. Not gone, but mixe thy ſelfe among the reſt,
What a ſpight is this:
Counſell me *Hardenbergh*.
Hard. The Dutcheſſe comes my Lord.
Alp. Out of my life, how ſhall I looke on her?

Enter Conſtan. Kather. Laſſen. Lucil. Caſſi.
Cornelia, Ite, a Songe: after the
Dutcheſſe ſpeakes.

Kat. How now my Lord, you looke as one diſmaid,
Haue any viſions troubled you of late?
Alp. Your grace, & your moſt princely brother here,
Are highlie welcome to the *Saxon* Court.
Kath. O you diſſemble ſir:
Nor are we come in hope of welcome,
But with this poore head-peece,
To beare the brunt of all diſcurteſies.
Conſt. My Lorde, wee come not now to vrge the (marriage
You ſought with ſuch hot ſuite, of my faire Siſter;
But to reſolue our ſelues, and all the world,
Why you retained ſuch meane conceipt of vs,
To ſlight ſo ſolemne and ſo high a contract,

With

With vaine pretext of viſions or of dreames.
Alp. My Lord, I heare proteſt by earth and heauen,
I holde your ſtate right mightie and renowned,
And your faire ſiſters beauties and deſerts,
To be moſt worthy the greateſt king aliue,
Onlie an ominous viſion troubled me,
And hindred the wiſht ſpeede I would haue made,
Not to diſſolue it, though it were diferd,
By ſuch portents (as leaſt you thinke I faine)
Lord *Hardenbergh* can witneſſe is moſt true.
Hard. Moſt true my Lord, and moſt prodigious.
Alp. Yet Ile contemne them with my life and all,
Ere Ile offend your grace or breed ſuſpect
Of my firme faith, in my moſt honoured loue.
Kath. No, no, my Lord, this is your viſion,
That hath not frighted but enamoured you.
Alp. O Madame, thinke you ſo, by heauen I ſweare,
Shee's my ſonnes loue : ſirra take her to you,
Haue I had all this care to do her grace,
To prooue her vertues, and her loue to thee,
And ſtandſt thou fearefull now? take her I ſay.
Lea. My Lord, he feares you will be angry with him.
Alp. You play the villaine, wherfore ſhould he feare?
I onely proued her vertues for his ſake,
And now you talke of anger, aye me wretche,
That euer I ſhould liue to be thus ſhamed?
Alb. Madame, I ſweare, the Ladie is my loue,
Therefore your highneſſe cannot charge my father,
With any wrong to your high woorth in her.
Con. Siſter, you ſee we vtterly miſtake the kinde
And princelie dealing of the Duke:

Therefore without more ceremonious doubts,
Lets reconfirme the contract and his loue.
Kath. I warrant you my Lord the Duke diſſembles.
Alp. Heere on my knees, at the Altar of thoſe feete,
I offer vp in pure and ſacred breath,
The true ſpeech of my hart, and hart it ſelfe.
Require no more, if thou be princelie borne,
And not of Rockes, or rutheleſſe Tygers bred.
Kath. My Lord, I kindlie crie you mercy now,
Aſhamed that you ſhould iniurie your eſtate,
To kneele to me: and vowe before theſe Lords.
To make you all amends you can deſire.
Flo. Madame, in admiration of your Grace
And princelie wiſedom: and to gratifie
The long wiſht ioye, done to my Lord the Duke,
I here preſent your highneſſe with this Cup,
Wrought admirablie by th'art of Spirits,
Of ſubſtance faire, more riche then earthly Iemmes,
Whoſe valew no mans iudgement can eſteeme.
Alp. Flores, Ile interrupt the Dutcheſſe thankes,
And for the preſent thou haſt giuen to her,
To ſtrengthen her conſent to my deſires,
I recompence thee with a free releaſe,
Of all offences twixt thy ſelfe and me.
Flo. I humblie thanke your Excellence.
Kath. But where is now vnkinde Earle *Laſſinbergh?*
That iniuries his faire loue, and makes her weare
This worthleſſe garland: come ſir make amends,
Or we will heere awarde you worthie penance.
Laſſ. Madame, ſince her departure I haue done
More hartie penance then her hart could wiſh,

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And vowe hereafter to liue euer hers.

Kat. Then let vs caſt aſide theſe forlorne wreathes,
And with our better fortunes change our habits.

Enter Doctor in poſte, the Marchant following him.

Doct. O ſtay my Lorte, me pray you on knee, vor ſtaie.

Alp. What's the matter Doctor?

Doct. O me bret be garr, for haſte.

Con. What ayles the haſtie Doctor?

Doct. My Lorte be garr he lyes falſlie in his troate, Me prooue by the duell dat he be the fallce knaue.

Alp. Who is it man, with whom thou art ſo bold?

Doct. My Lorte, if me make my contrack of marriage, if me be not as looſe as de vide worlde, if me doe not alleadge.

Alp. I praie thee man what meaneſt thou?

Doct. Be garr enforme your grace vat he dare, I will prooue by good argument and raiſon, dat he is de fallce beggerlie Ieweller, dat I no point marrie *Cornelia*; vat ſay you now?

Caſſ. My Lord, no doubt ſome man hath guld the Doctor, ſuppoſing he ſhould be enforſte to wed her that is my wife, and euer ſcorned him.

Doct. Vat you ſay? de Marſhan tell a me, I marrie *Cornelia* ſpit my Noſe.

Alp. The Marchant I perceiue hath trimde you (Doctor,
And comb'd you ſmoothelie:
Faithe I can him thanke,
That thus reuiues our meeting with ſuch mirth.

Doct. O be bright de heauen, eſt a poſſible, and by heauen

heauen I be reuenge dat vile Marſhen, me make de medecine drie vp de Sea, ſeauen towſand, towſand million d'ſtiloe, fife hundred, hundred, dram *Fuffian, Marqueſite, Baleſtiæ, Hematete, Cortemedian, Churcacholl, Pantaſite Petrofidem, Hynape;* and by garr de hot Pepre, me make de vinde, de greate collicke, puffe, blowe, by garr, teare de Sayle, beate de maſte, cracke de Ship in towſand towſand peeces. *Exit.*

Alp. Farewell gentle Doctor Doddipoll:
And now deere Ladie, let vs celebrate
Our happie royall nuptials, and my ſonnes,
With this our ſweete and generall amitie,
Which heauen ſmile on with his goulden eye.

Finis Actus quinti, & vltimi.

- 2 : 6

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